

**Memories of Mother and Dad-  
Cleanliness of Home and Body  
Glen and Alta Wanlass  
By Rhea Wanlass Lewis**

Mother kept our home and clothing clean and ironed. She loved to curl our hair and was very particular that we looked our best before going outside or to school for the day. She had an old washer in the basement that she would have to fill with a hose. One day Rhea was sitting on the basement steps watching her load the washer, the hose got away from her and the water hit Rhea on the arm. The burns were pretty bad, and she had to have medicine and a bandage on her arm for a while.

After washing and putting the clothes through the wringer, Mother would carry the clothes outside and hang them on the line to dry. In the winter she would often hang them on the long lines in the basement BIG room. We would often build houses on the clothes lines with every blanket, quilt, rug and sheet that we could carry outside. We would hang them with clothespins. We even made doorways and windows, then we would furnish our houses with cardboard boxes and chairs and our dolls and play house for hours or days until the lawn needed to be watered under the blankets. Mother was good to let us build these houses quite often in the summer. It never was quite as fun to clean it up however.

Our mother taught us to be neat and clean. She took such good care of us and saw to it that our clothes and bodies and our home, inside and out always looked tidy and clean. Mother kept her hair and make-up just right, she took good care of her skin and never did have wrinkles in her face.

She thought it was very important to have our yard look its best on Sunday, when the ward members would pass on their way to the church. The lawn was mowed and the flowers were always so beautiful. She taught me the names of all

the flowers she planted, and I really appreciate that so now I can tell them to my children.

Every morning in the summer, she would water the lawn and flowers and would squirt the bedroom windows with the water to wake us up and also wash off the windows. Often in the summer, I would sit on the front brick steps with her while she watered the lawn after dark.

We would listen to the crickets and watch the old toad in the flower beds. If anyone would walk up the city sidewalk, she would squeeze my hand, as if to say, be quiet so we can hear what they are saying. She rarely would say anything bad about anyone. But often, she would just squeeze our hand as if to acknowledge that she didn't agree with what was said or going on. She and dad would say, "don't say anything bad about others until your doorstep is clean".

When our dad would come home from work so tired, we would take off his old greasy shoes while he sat in front of the fireplace and we would have him read to us or squaw wrestle or box on some old mattress he would put on the front room floor. Mother would be busy fixing or cleaning up after dinner.

One of mother's favorite things was in the evening she would sit on the floor by the sofa and have me comb her hair and scratch her head with the comb. One night while doing this, dad came home from work and mother called out to him, feed the pig before coming in for dinner, so from that time on, when I wanted mother to turn her head to comb the other side, I would say, "Feed the pig". This went on throughout the years as long as I combed her hair.